I am a right maid for my cowardize ;
Let her not ſtrike me : you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me to;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone : who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue heere behinde.
Her. VVhat, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. VVith *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhee's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
VVhy will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part. For if th
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue
Thou ſhalt abie it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me
Now follow if thou dar'ſt,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile
Her. You Miſtreſſe, all th
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you
Not longer ſtay in your cu
Your hands than mine, are
My legs are longer though
Her. I am amaz'd, and kn
Ob. This is thy negligen
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knau
Puck. Beleeue me, King
Did not you tell me, I ſhou
By the *Athenian* garments
And ſo farre blameleſſe pr
That I haue nointed an At
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo
As this their iangling I eſte
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Lo
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouerc
The ſtarry Welkin couer t
With drooping fogge as b
And leade theſe teſty Riua
As one come not within a
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp w
And ſometime raile thou li
And from each other look
Till ore their browes, death
With leaden ledgs, and Ba